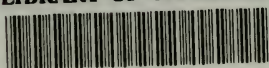


PS 3539

.R887 B6

1922

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002703907





BLOSSOMS AND
DEAD LEAVES

Blossoms and Dead Leaves

Songs of Love

Songs of War

Songs of a Cynic

Songs of Life

BY

AL. TRUDE, JR.

Author of Lights and Shadows.

Privately printed, 1916

Rochester, N. Y.,
Genesee Press,
1922

PS3539
R887B6
1922



NOV 27 1922

GENESEE PRESS
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

© Cl A 690576

no 1

Just a Word

*I write not for form nor meter,
I write not to please nor offend.
I simply jot down strange feelings,
Which over me, sometimes, wend.*

*My poems are not works of beauty;
They can hardly be termed works of art;
Their faults are big ones and many,
Yet they spring direct from my heart.*

*So judge them not too harshly,
Nor hurriedly cast them aside;
For they're written by one living,
With a soul that long ago died.*

Miserere

*You can gather blossoms,
Beside the seven seas.
But I . . . can only press my lips,
To heaps of dry, dead leaves.*

To One who gathers blossoms,
While I must be content with
Dead leaves:

The Author—1919.

SONGS OF LOVE

Songs of Love

Love

Love is like summer and sunshine,
Warm, bright and so clear,
Touching all with its gladness,
Driving before it all fear.

Love is like a broad blue ocean,
Shimmering under the sun,
Touching all with its wavelets,
Ever since time has run.

Love is like a new-born baby,
Pure, white, spotless and true,
May God pity you always,
If Love has never touched you.

Songs of Love

A-Thinkin'

When I wake up in the mornin'
And the sun am shinin' bright,
And the little birds are callin',
And all the world seems right—
It's then I think of you, dear,
Tucked snugly in your bed,
And I ask the Lord to keep you,
As I slowly bow my head.

When I'm workin' in the daytime,
And the noon whistles blow,
And we stop to rest a moment,
And let all things go—
I still think of you, dear,
And wish that I could hear
Your little laugh so pleasin',
And soothin' to my ear.

And when the evenin' comes
And our day's work is o'er,
And I'm sittin' by the fireplace
A-gazin' at the floor—
It's then I think of you, dear,
And then my thoughts are best,
'Cause the busy world is hushed,
And the tired ones are at rest.

Songs of Love

And a silent spell comes o'er me,
As I'm sittin' here alone,
And I sit and think and wonder
If you ever think of me.

* * * * *

I like to think of near friends,
Of dear friends and true,
But the bestest thoughts of all, to me,
Are those I think of you.

Songs of Love

To You

Just a line to you, dear,
The sweetest thing I know,
To let you know I love you,
And am thinking of you so.

You're all that one could wish for,
Noble, sweet and pure;
You're the fairest of the fair ones,
The purest of the pure.

You're all I have to live for,
For you I'd live or die.
May God make you ever happy,
Without a tear or sigh.

May he keep you always, dearest,
And grant you all you ask,—
Children, love and worldly riches,
Make you happy till the last.

A-Dreamin'

The wintry wind is howlin',
And the snow is fallin' fast,
And the old gray wolf's a-prowlin',
Lookin' for his night's repast;
The screech owl's a-hootin'
From out the forest gloom,
And I'm here a-dreamin',
Dreamin' of you, June.

The snow it kind of flurries,
And forms pictures on the pane,
The river, how it hurries,
As it winds along the plain;
The trees are all a-swayin',
And a whisperin' of their doom,
And I'm here a-dreamin',
Dreamin' of you, June.

The Northern lights are gleamin',
Against the darkened sky,
My heart is sort of leapin',
And my fire is goin' to die;
The cold comes in a-creepin',
It's goin' to get me soon,
But I don't care, 'cause I'm dreamin',
Dreamin' of you, June.

Songs of Love

A Rose

A pure red rose
In my garden grows,
Swayed by each wind that blows.
Face looking above,
Petals glowing with love,
And the rose, reminds me of you.

Leaves of rich green,
Bright to be seen,
Nestle and bend 'gainst the blue.
Once each year,
It blooms here,
And I love it, as I love you.

Summer over—'tis gone—
Fallen leaves strew the lawn,
But next year it will blossom anew.
And so I must wait,
Resigned to my fate,
Wait for my rose, and you.

Songs of Love

To Dorothy

I care not for gold and riches,
For fame, nor power divine;
Just give me love, and you, dear,
No more could I wish were mine.

I'm only a poor human being,
Toiling my life here below;
Accomplishing little or nothing,
But, dearest, I love you so!

With your love for me ever glowing,
I could conquer the mightiest task,
And be the happiest mortal,
With you, dear, alone at last.

Songs of Love

God's Gift

(Adaptation from Robert W. Service.)

God made a heart of purest gold,
Warm and sweet and true,
Placed it in the fairest mould,
Blest it, and called it you.

God made the sun to shine above,
The birds to sing with glee,
But best of all,—Sweet Love,
God gave you, dear . . . to me.

(Set to music by W. G. Kenyon.)

Songs of Love

You

An actress? Yes,
Upon the stage
I first saw you there—
With simple smiles
And girlish wiles
And auburn tinted hair.

You moved about,
As one who glides
Upon the silvery air—
With dainty feet,
Demeanor sweet,
And coy-like baby stare.

The play was o'er,
The curtain down,
And little you, had fled.
But in my dreams,
Your face still beams,
Before me, in my bed.

I've gone around,
For you I seek,
My ideal, sweet and true;
In vain I try,
And wonder why,
I can find none like you.

Songs of Love

If

If I were an artist,
I'd paint you, fair—
As a simple maiden,
Kneeling in prayer.

If I were a sculptor,
I'd carve you in stone—
As a beautiful Venus,
Standing alone.

If I were a poet,
I'd paint you in rhyme—
Known by all as my
Inspiration divine.

If I were an actor,
I'd give up my art
For one little throb
Of your tiny heart.

If I were a millionaire,
Rolling in wealth,
I'd keep you always
Just for myself.

If I were a pauper,
With nothing to eat,
My life I would gladly
Lay at your feet.

But I am a dreamer,
Worthless, it seems,
But I love you fondly,
Girl of my dreams.

Forgotten

Forgotten you!
After all these years
Of hopes so vague and untold fears.
Such a thought now gives me pain,
Life would then have been in vain,
If such a thing were true—
And I had
Forgotten you.

Songs of Love

Why ?

To One I Knew.

Why is it?

Now . . . we're parted

That somehow . . . I can't forget—

Your hair . . . your eyes . . . your lips,

Your perfume . . . they haunt

Me yet.

Why is it?

You say . . . you're happy

When there's sorrow in your smile,

And your step is slow

And tired . . . why do you weep,

The while?

Why is it?

Your heart beats faster,

Yet your lips are forever dumb,

Why dwell apart . . . with an aching heart,

Do you fear . . . that love . . .

Will come?

Songs of Love

If Ever

If ever you need a friend . . .
Or someone to whom you can empty . . .
Your aching heart—
Remember me . . . remember me!

If ever you are in trouble . . .
And need a helping hand, to lift your
Tired head—
Remember me . . . remember me!

If ever you need a love . . .
A true and honest love, to fill
Your throbbing heart—
Remember me . . . remember me!

What Is There Left?

What is there left, since you have gone;

Why is the sky dark and gray;

Why does my mind seem clouded;

Why did you go away?

When did the flowers wither and die;

Why is it I feel old;

Why are my heartstrings mute;

Why did our love grow cold?

Songs of Love

Our Last Night Together

The round golden moon rose slowly,
O'er the lake,
And cast its mysterious dream light
On you and me.
And in that moment I forgot
The man that I ought to be . . .
For I took you in my arms, and kissed
Your trembling lips.
I was weak . . . weak . . . weak.
I cried and you cried too.
But through our tears we were happy,
Oh, so happy, we two.
For I had learned that you cared
As I, even though you didn't tell me so,
You were so wonderful, dear.
So sweet . . . so good.
And then the time came for you to go . . .
Back to your home and his.
But, in spite of it all,
I was happy . . . supremely so . . .
Then you left . . .
And I was all alone, all alone with my
thoughts.
And the moon looked down on me,
In pity.
But in that moment I remembered . . .
You . . .
And I became strong, strong, strong.
So holding my memory of that moment's
happiness
Close to my heart,
I went away content . . . content.

Songs of Love

Stolen Happiness

Why did you see me again,
Why did you stir up
Those smouldering embers
Of useless love?

* * * * *

And yet, you made me strangely happy;
For I dreamed strange dreams,
As before.
And in the mad moment of forgetfulness . . .
I lived again . . . and loved again,
As if I'd ever ceased to love you;
As if I'd ever could cease loving you . . .
Little dream girl . . .
Wonderful dream girl.

Songs of Love

At Parting

What more is there to say,
Except . . . good-bye?
I'm sick of being a cad, and tired of letting you
Think thoughts which you should not.
'Tis true, I still care as of old—
Perhaps a bit more . . .
But what of that?
Am I not big enough and strong enough to
mask
My own selfish desires
When your happiness and welfare
Are at stake?
Am I to be classed among those other snakes,
Those heart-breakers and home-destroyers,
Those useless men?
No! No!
God forbid! God forbid!
I'll take my aching heart and hold it close,
And try and greet the grim world
With a smile.
And if I fail in this . . .
'Tis better so . . .
For then I would have failed in keeping
Your love too;
And that . . . and that . . .
Would have been worse . . . far worse;
Good-bye . . . good-bye . . .

SONGS OF WAR

The War God Speaks

Lord! Give me not the living,
I ask for a score of dead;
Give me the corpse of a woman,
Slain asleep in her bed.

Lord! Give me not of money,
But torture these mortals below;
I crave not for jewels and riches,
Give me the blood of the foe.

Give me a new-born baby,
Slashed by a soldier's sword,
I want no blessings eternal,
Curse not the struggling horde.

Struggling, fighting, killing,
Each with a mad desire;
These are the blessings I ask for,
They fill my heart's desire.

Give me your babbling imbeciles,
The crippled, torn and blind;
The prisoners beaten and bleeding,
Till they've lost their mind.

Look! In that trench before you,
Behold now, what do you see?

Songs of War

The living, the dead, and the dying,
That work was done by me.

I now rule the map of all Europe,
Kings to my iron will bow ;
My henchmen, Greed, Lust, Viciousness,
They rule this world . . . now.

And I sit above in the heavens,
And gloat on the horror I see ;
For the slaughtering, butchering rabble,
Owe their living hell . . . to me.

Songs of War

Realization

Olive drab and shining steel,
Grim guns, in a row—
God! The happiness you feel,
It's your time to go.

Bursting shells that rend the air,
Horror at its worst—
Still you're glad, 'cause you are there,
Heeded the call, first.

Blasted homes and wrecks of pride,
Ghosts of times before—
Torn limbs you cannot hide,
This, Oh, God! is war.

Songs of War

Somewhere in France

Somewhere in France—
Where the cannons roar,
And the trenches hold their fill;
By a cottage gate,
There a mother waits . . .
Somewhere in France.

Somewhere in France—
When the battle's on,
In the midst of the awful din;
A son, he fights,
Both day and night . . .
Somewhere in France.

Somewhere in France—
When the broil is o'er,
And the War God's grown still;
When peace has reign,
He'll return again . . .
Somewhere in France.

Somewhere in France—
There's a bloody grave,
And in it a son doth lie.
And a mother's heart yearns,
For that son's return . . .
Somewhere in France.

Songs of War

Mother

He lay on the blood soaked stretcher,
A mere boy—
And yet a man.
His face, a mask of agony,
But no cry of pain came from his lips.

In the distance could be heard
The roar of guns.
Overhead the airplanes hummed and droned;
While in and out of the court-yard
Rolled the ambulances, with their loads
Of misery.

The boy on the stretcher moved . . .
And tried to speak.
An orderly hurried to him, and bent low
His ear to the mumbling lips.
The orderly drew from the boy's pocket, the
Packet which he was trying to reach.
A picture fell . . .
The boy grasped it eagerly,
And a wearied smile . . . stole over his face.

He coughed and blood trickled from his mouth.
With an inhuman effort he managed to sit up.

Mother! Mother! he whispered.
Then he sank back . . . dead . . .
The smile was still on his face,
The look of pain and agony gone,
The picture still tightly clasped in his hand.
Thus . . . do the men of the world die . . .

Songs of War

In the Wake of the Advance

To-day's all quiet, calm and bright,
Where yesterday the guns belched forth
A fiery Hell!

The birds are singing in the air,
Where yesterday—youth's thousands
Fell.

Songs of War

Kultur?

A quiet, peaceful valley;
A farm house—with rural bustle,
The crowing of chickens, a child,
A man, a woman, a cat.

* * * * *

A valley—deathly still and dim—
A naked wall—a hazy smoke,
No stir of life or moving thing;
A heap of ruins—a man's dead body.

A broken bowl of milk, a cat, a child—
Pinned by a bayonet to the ground,
The hush of death and foul smell of rotting
flesh.

Songs of War

Little Brass Tag

(When a soldier in the German army dies, his brass identification tag is sent to his nearest living relative.)

Only a little brass tag,
With the numbers, 5-1-2-3;
All that I've left of my boy
Who was near and dear to me.

They dressed him up, in a coat of gray,
And gave him a nice new gun;
And away he went to kill and slay,
The boy . . . who was my son.

And to-day . . . Not his letter, but this little
tag;
The Vaguemestre brought to me,
And seared on my heart, by a withered hand,
Are the numbers . . . 5-1-2-3.

Songs of War

Tommies

Left to die . . . to starve . . .

They lay on the floor of the hospital,

Two Tommies.

Mere skeletons . . . shadows of their former
selves.

Slowly they told their story . . .

A tale of brutal treatment and inhuman
cruelty.

Then they slept . . .

The armistice was signed, I dropped in for a
chat,

With my Tommies,

And told them the news.

A look of joy broke forth on their lean, tired
faces,

Over-shadowing their pain and suffering.

"By God . . . but we licked 'em!"

Then they slept . . .

Songs of War

Aftermath

(Adaptation from Robert W. Service.)

The world war is over,
There's the tramp of tired feet—
As the troops come a-marching,
Down the crowded street.

The city's full of gladness,
The bells are pealing gay—
On the housetops flags are flying,
As when they went away.

The crowds are hoarse from cheering,
And they line along the streets—
While the troops are onward marching,
Hear the beat of many feet.

And then there comes a shadow,
Sudden, dark and drear—
The bells stopped their pealing,
The crowds have ceased to cheer.

There came a voice from heaven,
It cried with anguished pain,
And I saw a second column,
The dead come back again.

"Tear down your joyful colors,
And hang up sable black."
The sky grows darker, darker,
For the dead are coming back.

Songs of War

Aftermath—Continued

They are coming onward, coming,
Ghastly, sad and slow.

They are coming onward, coming,
With haunting eyes of woe.

They come with sunken faces,
All crimson wrecks of pride,
And their wounds show forth in places
That their khaki cannot hide.

They are coming now in thousands,
Their faces all a-gleam,
And I close my eyes in horror,
My God! 'Twas but a dream.

A thousand flags were flying,
A thousand bells did ring.
A thousand voices crying,
A thousand hearts did sing.

When we cheer our troops returning,
And our flags are all unfurled,
Don't forget the ones behind them,
Dwelling in another world.

They're the ones who paid the blood price,
Long and heavy is their score,
And they fought and died to save us,
And their country—nothing more.

Songs of War

De Profundis

Out of the deep, out of the deep,
Come those who mourn,
And those who weep,
For those now clasped
In death's long sleep—
Out of the deep, out of the deep.

Out of the deep, out of the deep,
Come those who walk,
And those who creep,
Poisoned, scorched where
Hell's fires leap—
Out of the deep, out of the deep.

Out of the deep, out of the deep,
Come those who watch
Their life blood seep.
The seeds of vice, they
Didn't sow, they reap.
Out of the deep, out of the deep.

Songs of War

From the Front

Back from the front,
A crippled thing,
They brought him back,
To us, this thing.

No longer, now,
The youthful chap,
That used to snuggle
In my lap.

But taken in his
Youthful prime,
And cut by war,
An awful crime.

And on his cot
He'd lie and rave,
Poor broken boy,
And oh! so brave.

A broken toy,
Now cast aside.
God! how I wished
That he had died.

But on through life,
He thus must go,
Reaping the seeds
The War Gods sow.

Songs of War

From the Front—*Continued*

Of broken limb,
And darkened eye,
Marked for life,
He could not die.

This is the work
Of mighty Mars,
Who sits and gloats
Among the stars

On misery and pain
Down here—
Which makes our life
Of dread and fear.

Our sons come back
Dim wrecks of pride—
No longer as
They left our side.

And we the burden
Thus must bear—
Of torn limbs
And vacant stare,—

Of deafened ears,
From cannons' roar—
Helpless victims,
Maimed by war.

Songs of War

Comfort

All is dark,
And all is dreary,
Hear the never ending noise.
I am blind,
And I am weary,
God! The horror and the Hell.

See the armies,
Like a flood,
On they roll across the fields.
Smell the powder,
And the blood,
Bodies lying stark and cold.

All is over,
I am dying,
Thanks to God! The end is near.
For the sight
Of comrades lying,
Has rotted my soul away.

Songs of War

The War God Laughed

The War God smiled,
A hellish sight,
As he sat on his throne above,
And gazed on the fields of Europe—
Soaked with crimson blood.

The War God smiled,
And then he grinned,
As he watched the struggling horde,
As they fought and tore,
As they cursed and swore,
While the dead lay 'round,
On the blood-red ground,
And the women cried,
For the men who'd died—
And children starved in the streets.

The War God grinned,
And then he laughed,
As the voice of God he heard.
For the voice cried forth in anguish,
"Peace to all, on earth."

SONGS OF A CYNIC

Nothing

Out of the nothingness I came,
Out of an empty sea.

Out of a different world I came,
Out of an empty space,
To sojourn on this earth a-while,
To study the human race.

Now my study is over,
And my work is done;
And I must return towards
The sun.

Back to the nothingness I go,
Back to an empty sea.

Songs of a Cynic

Unforeseen

You laughed at me,
You smirked and sneered,
You taunted, gloated, and you jeered.
You heaped abuses on my head,
You even wished that I were dead,
But never thought that you'd die too!
And then . . . Why then, I'd laugh at you.

Songs of a Cynic

Soliloquy

Thought you knew a lot while alive,

Didn' yuh?

Thought you'd go to heaven when you died,

Didn' yuh?

How about those here on earth,

Those you held down from their birth,

What to you are their lives worth?

Thought you settled their scores' dearth,

Didn' yuh?

Thought you'd live a long time yet,

Didn' yuh?

Thought you'd played a safe sure bet,

Didn' yuh?

You with wealth, power and fame,

Grasping money, gold for gain,

Not prepared for death which came,

But you took the call the same,

Didn' yuh?

Songs of a Cynic

The Devil's Brew

The Devil took his mixing glass,
Made a drink for me and you.
Of all life's joys and pain 'twas made,
And he called it the Devil's Brew.

With a dash of gin,
And a little grin,
And a harlot's frozen smile,
Add an ounce of dope,
And a hangman's rope,
Flavor with greenish bile.

Take a pure girl's heart,
Rend it part from part,
Mixed with a million lice.
Add a dram of pain,
And a wronged girl's shame,
With a pound or so of vice.

And some human milk,
Mixed with crime's worst silt,
Gathered from life's big flood.
Boil it well,
On the fires of Hell,
And the draft is red as blood.

Songs of a Cynic

Shake it well,
Watch it swell,
Then toss it to earth all a-flame,
Where those who thirst,
Can drink it first,
And sink to the depths of shame.

The Devil took his mixing glass,
Made a drink for me and you.
Of all life's joys and pain 'twas made,
And he called it the Devil's Brew.

Songs of a Cynic

Nakedness

You're rotten, you know it,
You snivelling fools;
You excuses for women,
You slime gathering pools;
With your clothes and nakedness,
You're but shams,
But you can't fool God,
Though you may fool man.

Songs of a Cynic

Buried Alive

It is damp and dark and slimy wet,
My prison walls of blackest coal
Gleam darkly, shiny as the sweat
Oozes out of my body as I roll.

Three days—I've lain under here,
Starved, cold, thirsty and sore sick;
All hopes now gone and death is near—
"Is that the ringing of a pick?"

"Good God," I know they'll try to come,
And take me from this living Hell.
The darkness and the slime-bred scum,
And I'm afraid—afraid of—well!

The horrors of this everlasting dark,
Are greater than the deadliest dream.
They seem to coil around me—hark!
This silence all alone, God, I could scream.

My body aches, my soul is rent with pain,
I wonder if they'll get to me in time.
I wonder if I'll stand this awful strain,
Of lying three days amidst this awful slime.

My lips are swelled, my tongue is black,
My eyes stare from their sockets red.
At last the light sifts through a crack,
They've come . . . too late . . . for "I am
dead."

Songs of a Cynic

A Green Christmas

Not a sign of snow . . .
Gaunt bare trees
Stretching their branches toward the sky,
The ground is hard and dry.
The cold creeps into your bones,
As the wind . . . coils about you.

The river is silent and black,
The sky dull and threatening;
People hurry to and fro;
Yesterday I saw several funerals,
It is a green Christmas,
And the grave-yards will be full.

Songs of a Cynic

Blood

Blood! Blood!
Always her blood
Oozing before my eyes.
Red as her hair,
And her eyes' glassy stare
Pleading with me,
As she died.

Blood! Blood!
Always it's blood;
See how it swells and swells.
It blackens my brain,
Oh! God! End this pain,
For it's worse than
A thousand hells.

Blood! Blood!
Is there no end;
Nothing to give me peace
From the shuddering dawn,
And the black night's wan?
Nothing—but
Death's release.

Songs of a Cynic

In a Lonely Grave

Hidden from sight,
In eternal night,
While the rotting boards cave in,
'Neath the pine tree's shade,
In a lonely grave,
I am paying the price of sin.

Last year I dièd,
And my friends all cried,
Then they put me underground—
And I've lain here,
For near a year,
Slimy worms crawl all around.

The coffin shrinks,
My carcass shrinks,
And the flesh drops slowly from my bones.
In a deep, dark grave,
I lie and rave,
While the grave rats gnaw and drone.

In a six foot trench,
With an awful stench,
Day by day I rot and rot.
Bones all gnawed white,
I'm a hellish sight,
Dead! A dirty drunken sot.

Hidden from sight,
In eternal night,
While the rotting boards cave in,
'Neath the pine tree's shade,
In a lonely grave,
I am paying the price of sin.

Songs of a Cynic

Lest You . . . Rejoice

Lest you . . . rejoice in the thought
That I still think of you.

You, who were wonderfully wise,
And who once meant so much
To me,

Cannot now . . . sting tears to my eyes.

And I wonder now,
If a slight pang of regret
Eats at your heart . . . of stone.
For the thing that you
Made of me.
God! If I'd only known.

If I'd only known how
Easy it was to forget
The fragrance of you . . .
To forget your touch,
Your eyes, your hair,
Your expression . . . too.

So I tell you now,
Without regret . . .
Or the pains which rend;
Thoughts of you are lost.
Your presence . . . in my life's
At an end.

Songs of a Cynic

If You Should Call Me

If you should call me, would I come?
Who knows?
I've done foolish things before,
And somehow . . . I can't quite forget
The rare beauty of your eyes,
And the freshness of that last kiss.
Its memory still thrills me and haunts
My weary heart.
While my fingers tingle . . . in a
Tremulous longing to touch
Your soft white flesh,
And to caress your silken hair . . .
My ears are strained to catch your voice,
And hear you whisper words of love
To me again.
And yet . . . it's quite impossible . . .
You are married!
And I . . . well, I am married, too.
And yet,—
If you should call me, would I come?
Who knows?
I've done foolish things before,
And . . . somehow . . . I can't quite forget.

Failure

Hurled from the top of the ladder,
Into the yawning black pit;

Taken from power and glory,
Labeled among those unfit;

Spurned by each and every one,
Sickened and haunted with shame;

Ambitionless, lost and degraded,
A dog, minus even a name;

Mocked at, shunned and suspected,
By untold fears assailed;

Cursed with the curse of curses,
Because you've tried . . . and failed.

Songs of a Cynic

The Cup

Sparkling wine in the cup,
Laughter and youth and song,
Eager to drink it up,
Sorry when it is gone.

Dregs of wine in the glass,
Silence and age and care;
Winnowing shadows that pass,
Memories and a vacant stare.

Songs of a Cynic

To-day

To-day I hold within my hand the
Ashes of a dream.

As yesterday this sterile sand was
Cool, and Oh! so green.

It bloomed with roses, sweet and pure,
Now broken, withered, dead.

E'en as the song died on my lips and
In pain my heart was bled.

The words of love we spoke so lightly,
Drift back with solemn tread,
Seeking to find a resting place, in
The soul of a love, now dead.

But with them come fresh thoughts of you and
All you've grown to mean.
God, pity me . . . for still I hold within my
hand—
The ashes of a dream.

Truth

All that glitters is not gold,
Nor all that shines, a star;
Oft times the glitter fools us,
And dross gleams from afar.

If we could only see beyond,
The painted, well-set scenes;
If we could only realize
Our fondest hopes and dreams.

SONGS OF LIFE

Clouds

From night until dawn,
They go wandering on.
From dawn until night,
They continue in flight.

Some tinted with gold,
Others gray, dark, and cold;
Some glisten like foam,
Others dull like red loam.

Always onward they fly,
Boldly mounting the sky.
Disappearing from sight,
Plunging onward in flight.

Songs of Life

Requital

Hard is the road we travel,
Weary, dusty and long.
Some of us do it sadly,
Others with laughter and song.

The snags and snares are many,
Some pass them without a sigh,
Others reckless and careless,
Are caught in the webs, like a fly.

And the spider gloats and stalks,
On the poor ones caught in his traps.
Helpless, wretched, degraded,
As the wounded bird her torn wing flaps.

Though some are doomed to suffer,
And I have suffered, too,
Life cannot always be gladness,
Without a tinge of blue.

We cannot live by sunshine,
Without our drops of rain,
So some are given happiness,
While others live in pain.

But when our road we've traveled,
And the end comes in sight,
You can trust to God in heaven,
To set your earthly wrongs right.

So if you've smiles instead of tears,
Or are withered as a clod,
Remember up above you'll be happy,
When you see the "Glory of God."

On the Big Prairie

When your ridin' in the evenin',
And the daylight slowly fades,
The timber's wrapt in quiet,
A hush is on the world;
You hear the pines a-whisperin',
As they're swayin' to and fro,
And the pony takes his leisure,
As homeward slow you go.

The twilight's softly dimmin',
And the stars are comin' out;
Way off the coyote's barkin',
From his roamin' prairie home;
And the moon comes up a-gleamin',
And lights up the forest gloom,
And you hear the waters rushin'
Down the mountain with a boom.

There's a feelin' comes a-stealin',
As you're ridin' there alone,
The bigness sort of grips you,
And fills you full of fear;
And the world is now all quiet,
With a silence you can hear,
And you see the shadows sneakin',
A-flittin', dark and drear.

Songs of Life

Little Sad Smile

Little sad smile,
Can't you be gay ;
Can't you be happy ;
Why can't you play ?

Must you be moody ;
Can't you be glad ;
Can't you be cheerful ?
Why are you sad ?

Songs of Life

The Stray

Moon and stars,
Shining above,
Strings in your heart
Are singing of love.

The grave, gaunt pines,
Towering high,
Wind gently whispers
As it blows by.

River softly flowing
Across the plain,
Makes you a-wishing,
You were home again.

Home! Away off somewhere,
Mother and your Dad,
Sweetheart ever waiting
To make your heart glad.

Waiting, just for you,
Now, for all these years,
Hoping ever hoping,
Heart so full of fears.

Songs of Life

The Stray—*Continued*

Better hike back now,
You've had your fling,
Can't you feel the longing,
In your heart, to bring

Happiness to family?
Time is getting short,
They won't last forever;
Make a clean report.

Turn your steps homeward,
Greet them all anew;
And you'll thank God,
For sparing them—for you.

Thy Will Be Done

We poor humans,
 With our mistaken thoughts and plans,
Selfish, indulgent mortals,
 Thoughtless since life began,

Are after all,
 But sticky clay
In the hands of One who moulds
 Our lives, as He chooses.

And yet, somewhere, some time, some day,
 Our call must surely come,
And we . . . will simply answer . . .
 Aye, Lord, Thy will . . . be done!

Songs of Life

Credo

Live . . . only for to-day,
The past is gone . . . and done,
Live . . . only for to-day,
To-morrow may not come.

What might have happened yesterday,
Now's past beyond recall,
What joys or pains to-morrow brings
May never come at all.

So take your life in hand to-day,
And live it at its best,
Let past and future sleep in peace,
Live . . . for to-day . . . that's best.

Sunset

Long purple shadows,
Streaked here and there, with
A stab of crimson flame;
In back—
Dim hazy blue, fading into
Steel gray;
While slowly into the West,
Behind the somber hills,
Sinks
A golden ball.

The Elements

The fire's bright, I'm all alone,
The howling winds around me moan.
The snow comes down in tumult white,
The cold and darkness seem to bite.
The frost creeps on the window pane;
A noise to catch, my ears I strain.

A moaning whimper, faint and drear,
From outside I seem to hear.
I guess it only is the storm,
Unknown sounds my fancies form.
It could not be someone in pain,
But, hark! I hear it once again.

Now quickly to the door I rush,
The wind and sleet are forming slush.
I peer about, but fail to see
The slightest trace of aught but me.
Imagination has its way,
The elements are at their play.

The moaning winds, now still and hush,
No longer tearing with a rush,
'Cross the white and frozen land,
Down to the sea, upon the sand.
The trees no longer lean and sway,
The elements have ceased to play.

God's Land

The mountains rear their snow-white peaks,
Towards the sun and moon;
While down below the rivers flow,
With a quiet peaceful tune.

The trees are gowned in capes of green,
And all around I see,
The handwork of God's great might,
Which He gave to you and me.

Songs of Life

Until

Yesterday this flower . . . bloomed,
To-day . . . withered . . . dead,
To-morrow it may not be a flower,
But you or I . . . instead.

And so our yesterdays are gone,
To-morrows may not come,
So we must live our lives . . . to-day,
Till life's cycle we have run.

Summer Sea

Come! Come!
Steal away with me.
Forget for an hour . . . your
Cares and woes.
Romp by the sea,
As it rushes up and over
The hot, glistening rocks.
Build high . . . your castles in the sand,
Forget . . . Forget.
Laugh . . . Laugh,
Spend an hour with the gods
On earth,
And breathe the fragrance
Of the world.

Nice . . . on the Riviera

Quiet . . . green and blue sea.
Lazy, drifting gulls 'gainst
An azure sky.
Pink and white villas . . . like jewels . . .
Set in the silent mountains,
With their snow and cloud
Capped peaks,
Seeming to pierce the very sky.
While a gentle breeze sways
The palm trees and stirs the perfume
Of the myriad flowers.

Rest

The stars peep from on high,
The big world heaves a sigh
Of contentment and of rest.
The moon's round face is pale,
Dimly lighting hill and vale,
The weary head drops down to rest.

Songs of Life

The Singer

Death holds no terrors for me,
I shall greet him with lifted head;
As I've shared my soul with many,
I shall live again with the dead.

I have fashioned my songs of pleasure,
And those of pain—not a few;
So I drift into the darkness,
Knowing my songs are true.

The End

I have lived my life,
I have had my tasks
To shirk or gladly do ;

I have done my best,
Tried all to please,
My fate I leave to you ;

I have sung my songs
Be they good or bad,
I give them all to you.

W 18





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
Nov-Dec. 1988
We're Quality Bound

